

Hero For Hire

by Rossi

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Summary: South Park (the movie)/GenX crossover: there's a new student at the Academy!

Hero For Hire

This sillyfic is what happens when you take your Muse to go see the South Park movie. I apologise. Deeply, sincerely and profoundly. To you and all your descendants.

Hero For Hire (1/1)By Rossi (Rossi@subreality.com)

Disclaimer: None of the characters are mine. None of the opinions expressed by the characters are mine. Nor is there any profit. Who would pay for this?

Rating: PG. For dashed-out swearing. And yes, I use the B-S word. No, not that b-s word, the other one...

Feedback: Did I mention this is all my Muse Frank's fault?

"Emma, there appears to be a wee fat lad wand'ring th' corridors." Emma Frost carefully replaced her cup in its fine china saucer and smiled at her confused co-headmaster.

"That would be young Eric Cartman. He's here on a trial basis."

"On a trial basis fer what?"

"For the team of course. With Husk's departure, we are in need of another member."

"An' where did he come from, then?"

"Sean, if you don't know the details of where children come from, I

wouldn't dare presume to do Moira's job for her," Emma purred, enjoying the spluttering and incoherent protests. "But if you meant which locality the boy is from, he's from a small mountain town in Colorado called South Park."

"An' how did ye find him?"

"He found us. I advertised."

"Ye what? Wit'out tellin' me?. Dammit, woman, we're meant t' be a secret training ground fer young mutants. Secret superhero groups do not advertise!"

"Relax, Sean, it's not like I announced our presence to the entire nation." Emma languidly stretched and stood up, enjoying the way her movements pulled her garments closer to her body and the effect it was having on Sean.

"But how...?"

"I advertised in one of those cheap rags. You know the sort, the ones with headlines declaring Elvis is alive and opening his own fast food chain, and that aliens impregnated a farmer's herd of cows in an effort to control the dairy industry. They put us under 'Playful Sex Kitten Seeks Playmates for Fun and Sheizer Movies'."

This time Sean couldn't even splutter. He stared at her open-mouthed, the horror plain in his face.

"Only joking, Sean. Shall we introduce you to young Eric? I was about to test his powers."

Feeling like he'd gone ten rounds with the Hulk, Sean numbly followed Emma down the hall. It couldn't get any worse. Could it?

"Now, Eric, I want to see how your powers work, so I've organised an evaluation sequence with the others," Emma told the small round boy who was staring up at her like she was the world's biggest sundae.

"Yes, ma'am!" he replied eagerly.

'Hmm, seems polite enough,' Sean mused to himself. "What are his powers, Em?"

"He generates electricity. It seems to be related to the microchip embedded in his head," Emma replied, making some final notes before starting the sequence.

"You want us to thrown down with him?" Angelo asked in disbelief, looking down his nose at the figure in the blue bubble goose jacket and knitted hat.

"Indeed. And no holding back, Skin. I want to fully evaluate Eric's abilities." Emma's voice was firm.

"Madre de Dios, when I joined this outfit I never thought I'd be beating up on little kids," Angelo muttered under his breath. Jubilee and Everett exchanged shrugs, while Monet looked up from buffing her

nails.

"I believe it is only fair that we push our would-be recruit to his limits, in order to determine his suitability for the team," she said, idly examining her handiwork. "Are you perhaps afraid he will be too much for you, Skin?"

"Why you..."

"Save it for the evaluation, children. Eric, are you ready?"

"To show these pussies? Yes, ma'am!" Cartman eyed the group of teenagers facing off against him. Huh, this would be a piece of pie...

"F---ing son of a b----, w----son donkey f---er!" A large jolt of electricity leapt from his head, knocking off his woolly hat, and shot off towards Generation X. They all only narrowly avoided getting fried, with the exception of Gaia, who was rooted to the spot in disbelief at the words she'd just heard.

"Oh my God, he killed Gaia!" Everett exclaimed.

[Like any o' us cares] Jono muttered. If he had a mouth, he'd be grinning.

"P--- off you f---ing s--- eating c--- suckers!"

This time Everett was hit, and unable to synch his aura to the non-mutant power of Cartman, was down for the count. Jubilee fired off a round of sparklers, but they were deflected into Skin by a round of words she hadn't even heard Wolverine use. Not even when he was insane. Skin was knocked across the gym.

"Shut your f---ing mouth, uncle f---er!" Now Jubilee herself was out. It had been too much for Jono: he was in a corner, helpless with telepathic laughter. There was only Monet left. She fixed the sawn-off sewer mouthed boy with a glare and prepared to charge him. For his part, Eric gave her his own glare, and planted his feet firmly. "Hey! If I get them all, can I have some Cheesy Poofs?" he called over his shoulder.

Monet took off, streaking towards him at a speed close to supersonic.

"Barbara Streisand!" The bolt of electricity was huge, and hit Monet with the force of a juggernaut. The resulting explosion almost demolished the gym. When the dust cleared, Eric stood among the debris, grinning smugly. "I want my Cheesy Poofs!" he declared.

Sean tried to reassemble a coherent train of thought.

"Emma? A word in ye ear, if ye don't mind."

"So dude, how did it go?" Stan asked as the four of them waited at the bus-stop the next morning. Eric sighed.

"They turned me down. They said they didn't have a uniform in my size."

"That's because you're such a fat-ass," Kyle said.

"Shut your mouth, you filthy Jew! I'm not fat, I'm just heroically endowed, you piece of crap!" A medium-sized spark leapt off Cartman's finger and zapped Kyle in the butt.

"Ow! Cartman, cut it out!"

"Make me, b----!" Another spark, this one bigger, zapped Kyle again.

"OW!"

"Mmff mfff mmmming mff mmff mff." Kenny interjected.

"No s---? The Sailor Scouts are hiring?" Stan asked.

"Sweet!" Kyle said, rubbing his butt after the last shock.

"You mean those girls in the tiny little skirts? Kick ass!" Cartman said.

The End?

(insert appropriate evil cackle)

End
file.